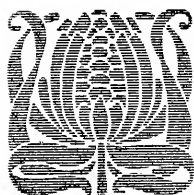


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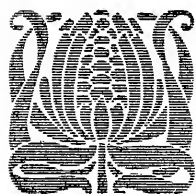
The Hand Clasp



By Charles Nelson Johnson

Chicago, Illinois
1919

The Hand Clasp



By Charles Nelson Johnson

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Chicago, Illinois
1919

The Hand Clasp

By

CHARLES NELSON JOHNSON

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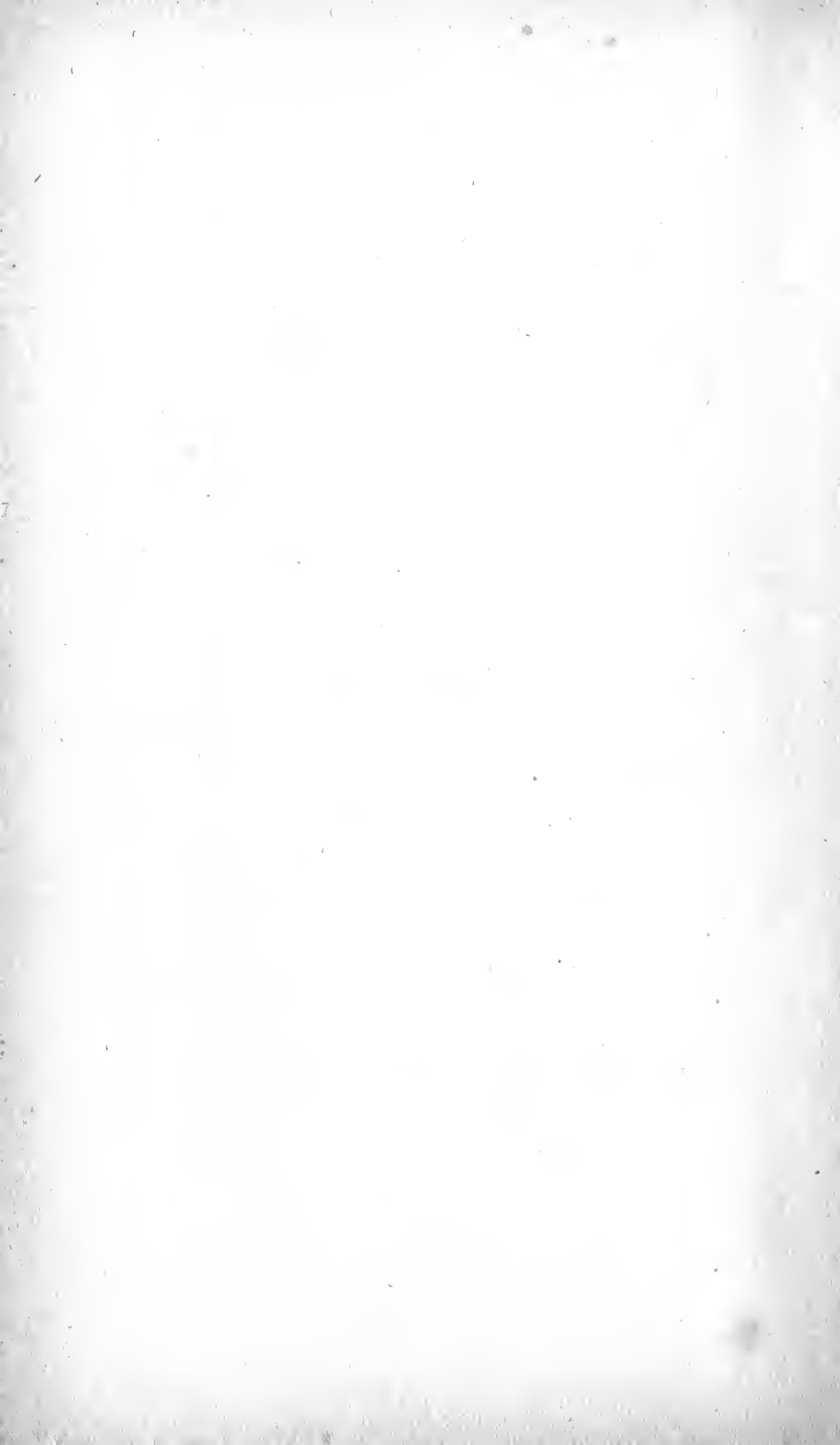
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An · Explanation

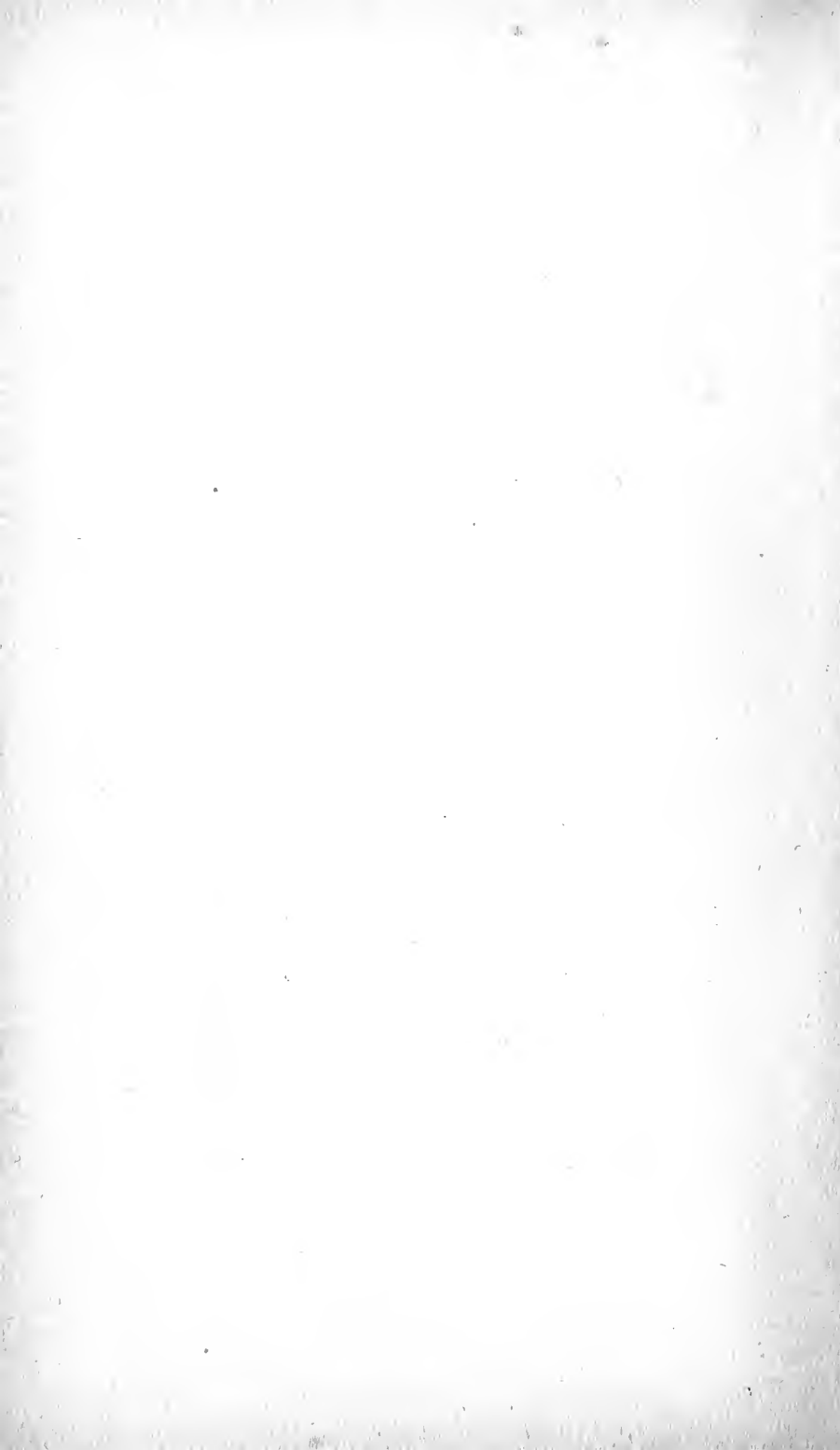
THERE is really very little to justify the publication of this book. It is not in any sense humorous, nor is it calculated to "while away an idle hour"—as if perchance any one ever had an idle hour in this the twentieth century. It is not exciting or absorbing in theme—it just drifts. There is no sequence of thought or sentiment, no connection between the topics—it is thrown together. It does not tell a story, nor "adorn a tale." It would seem therefore that it had little to recommend it.

And yet there is supposedly a reason for everything under the sun, and so there must be a reason for putting forth this book. It is this: Most of these brief essays have appeared in magazines and some of the author's friends have become familiar with them through this medium. Frequently it has chanced that they have written the author asking where certain articles could be found. These requests have been so generous and so cordial that the author has finally felt that he might venture—even at a seeming sacrifice of modesty on his part—to gather the articles into a volume.

This is the sole purpose of their publication. They are intended only for the author's friends—a message from him to them—a "hand-clasp." Even in this limited sense they are sent out with much misgiving.

C. N. J.

Chicago, 1919.



My · Creed

I BELIEVE in allowing others to believe as they wish, provided their belief works no injustice to their fellow man or fellow beast. I believe in patience, in consideration, in kindness—above all, I believe in kindness. I believe the world owes every man a living—when he earns it, but not otherwise. I believe in goodness, but not the goody good. I believe in the rugged kind which digs deep down into the heavy hearts of humanity and drags out the misery and sorrow and discouragement, and plants the flowers of hope and happiness—and then says nothing about it. I believe in one good act more than in a million sermons. I believe in doing more than in saying.

I believe in correcting a wrong, but not in harboring revenge. I believe in charity, but not in alms. I believe in helping others to help themselves, but I do not believe in creating paupers by a false philanthropy. I believe in strength of character and simplicity of taste. I believe in morals, but not in moralizing; in practice, but not in preaching; in culture, but not in cults. I believe in humility, but not the humility which makes a man look down instead of up. I believe in hope, but not the hope which takes everything for granted and trusts to luck. I do not believe in going out to look for trouble, but I believe in meeting an issue face to face instead of hiding your head in the sand.

I do not believe in worry, but I do believe in taking thought of the morrow, for I have never yet seen a morrow which wholly took care of itself. I do not believe in letting the

other fellow do all the worrying, because to do that is to acknowledge yourself something less than a cog in the wheel.

I believe in the good old times—which are now, and will be a thousand years after you and I are dead. I respect the past, but I believe the world is becoming better. I believe in idolatry, but not of graven images. I believe in the worship of men, women and little children; of truth, justice and loving kindness.

I do not believe in killing people, either in passion or by sanction of the law; either in the war of nations or the war of trade. I believe in giving every man a chance to live and make good. I believe in the gospel of work, but not in the greed of gain; in the sanctity of labor, but not in the degradation of drudgery.

I believe in wealth, the wealth of ideas, of knowledge—the priceless heritage left us by the intellect of all the ages. I believe in the fundamentals of civilization, but not in the frills of society. I believe in sunshine, pure air and cheerfulness. I believe in the glorious out-of-doors, and in the sacredness of the soil. I believe in the hallowed portals of the home, and the communion of the family fireside.

I believe in the blessed Trinity of Love, Laughter and Liberty, for where these three dwell there is happiness. I believe in living each day with all my heart, with all my soul, with all the powers that in me lie so that the world may be better for my living. And this then is my creed, to have no creed save that of doing good and being kind—of doing good all the time and being kind all the time, now, henceforth and forever.

“So many dogmas, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind,
When just the art of being kind
Is all this sad world needs.”

My Tree

I HAVE a tree somewhere by the roadside—the exact spot does not matter. We are the greatest of friends, and I go to see my tree every summer. If a season should pass wherein I was not permitted to visit it, I should count it quite a calamity—so also I am sure would the tree. I do not remain long with my tree when I visit it; in fact, I merely drive past it on the highway. But we are so well acquainted, and understand each other so perfectly, that we visit a vast deal in that brief space.

The moment my horse's ears are seen bobbing up over the rise of ground approaching the spot, this beautiful leafy friend of mine begins to exhibit unmistakable evidences of a delightful agitation. It sends me a salute as far as it can see, and grows more and more demonstrative as I approach, till by the time I am quite close up with it the air is fairly musical with its ode of welcome.

It begins with a rushing swell as if tuned by the mighty Jove, then sighs softly into a whispering melody full of the sweet secrets of buds and birds, and sinks at last into a hushed suspense, tremulous with emotion. Then again in rhythm with a sweep of the wind it breaks out into a rousing chorus of acclaim, and frantically waves overhead a myriad bright little banners in honor of the occasion. Oh, what a moment is this for me as I slowly pass by my tree and see all the excitement and celebration because of my coming!

If it were not that people might account me mad—people who do not understand the beautiful sentiment of trees—I should assuredly raise my hat and wave it in answer to the

splendid tribute. As it is I must content myself with uttering a softly murmured benison, and although the words are seldom fairly spoken, yet the tree knows full well what I mean, and bids me Godspeed in turn. Its farewell bow as I meet a bend in the road—a bow graceful as ever were made in my lady's parlor—sends me lighter hearted on my way, and makes me feel a better man because of having had this communion with the tree.

The last time I passed the spot I was pained to find that some miscreant—some defiler of things divine—had, with an ax, cut a great gash in the side of my tree, leaving an ugly scar, with traces of tears running down its trunk. Poor, puny, insignificant man! clothed with a petty, transient power, I would that thou wert made to see the full measure of thine iniquity.

Another man in years gone by—a man devoid of grace and harmony and tenderness of touch—was guilty, I find, of sinning against this tree. It was the man who took it upon himself to name it. He called it the *hard maple*! As if there were anything hard about such a tree as this—except the soundness of its heart. And even this must not apply, for while it may be sound hearted, I affirm it never can be accounted hard hearted. This tree is the softest, most musical, most beautiful of all trees, and had it been given me to name it—knowing as I do its wondrous charms of form and shade and sentiment—I should have called it a “poem in gray and green.”

A picture of this tree would show that it has a slight inclination toward the east, and I suppose the scientific reason for this would be advanced that the prevailing winds in this region are from the west or northwest. But I know a better reason than this. Familiar as

I am with the deep-seated sentiment which permeates this tree I have attributed its leaning in this direction to the fact that each morning it bows a graceful salute to the rising sun, and as habits leave their impress on all of us it is but natural to suppose that this beautiful tree after all these many years of bowing should bend toward the eastern sun.

I could write chapters on the sentiment intertwined with this tree. I am a lover of the forest and the fields, of rocks and rivers, of hills and hollows, and the sweeping currents of the wind. I love the tangled growth of nature, and the serried ranks of golden grain. I love to listen to the songs of birds, and to the roaring of a torrent, to the hum of insects and the patter of the cooling rain. But above all I love a beautiful tree and this is the most beautiful one I ever saw. For years I have watched it, studied it and worshipped it. It grows a trifle more exquisite each time I see it, and I sometimes wonder when the limit is to be reached. It has led me to the study of other trees and I have found this study a never ending source of delight. Ride through the country in a carriage, an automobile or a railroad train, and you will never lack for entertainment if you learn to study trees. Everywhere in nature these beautiful banners of the fields are waving for your delectation, and they grow more and more interesting as you observe them closer. They are without money and without price spread out for the eye of the poorest wayfarer, and yet "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Learn to love trees and you will never know what it is to be lonely.

Parading One's Ailments

IT IS astonishing how many people really enjoy poor health. At least, they would appear to enjoy it from the way they roll each malady as a sweet morsel under the tongue. Go into any society where conversation is free and the chief topic is of the ills which flesh is heir to—particularly the flesh of those who are taking part in the conversation, or of some one they know, or of some one they have heard about. People are cosmopolitan in this respect—and liberal. They can discuss in the most generous manner the peculiar way in which Nebuchadnezzar Jones, who lives over in the next county, and whom they probably never saw, strained his great toe in an attempt to reach the garret with a stepladder. Or they can tell about their own petty mishaps with a gusto that would do justice to a worthier cause.

They love to dote on the ills of life, and are perfectly extatic when they can recite the nauseating details of the most loathsome disease. In their minds a man is great only when he has been monstrously ill, or had some affection more profound than other people. To be sick is to be famous—and by the same token that is the only claim to distinction that many people have.

Why not cease talking about sickness? If you only knew it there are very few people who are really interested in your small ailments, and if your ailments are serious, I know of only three classes of people to whom they appeal, the life insurance man, the physician and the undertaker. Their interest is of such a nature that you are not likely to be flattered with it if you knew it, and so it is best to keep

these things to yourself. A constant complainer is a nuisance to everyone around him.

And this talking about disease all the time generates disease, because many of our maladies are purely mental. Ingersoll said that if he had the regulation of things he would make good health catching instead of disease, but in this he was one degree off in his reckoning. Good health is catching just as surely as is disease, and it is the simplest matter in the world to learn how to catch it. But you cannot do it by magnifying your ills and bragging about your complaints—as if they lent distinction to your individuality.

I read somewhere about a cheery old man who was asked why he never complained of being ill. "Because I am ashamed of it," he answered. "If I am ever ill, I know it is because I have violated some of the laws of nature and so I am deserving of censure rather than sympathy." This old man's philosophy may have seemed far fetched, and yet it is immeasurably a better philosophy than the one of laying all our petty ills at the door of a kindly providence, and then piously holding our hands to high heaven and boasting martyr-like of our unique affliction.

If you are sick do the best you can, but don't prate over it. If you must talk about your troubles, tell them to the physical policeman—the doctor. He will listen to you—sometimes—because he has a money interest in it. But between you and me he is half the time thinking how full of folly you are and "what fools these mortals be."

Don't parade your ailments, and you will be healthier and happier. So will those who are obliged to listen to you.

Kindness

I OFTEN wonder why people do not make a wider use of the marvelous power there is in kindness. It is the greatest lever to move the hearts of men that the world has ever known—greater by far than any thing that mere ingenuity can devise, or subtlety suggest. Kindness is the king-pin of success in life, it is the prime factor in overcoming friction and making the human machinery run smoothly. If a man is your enemy you cannot disarm him in any other way so quickly or so surely as by doing him a kind act. The meanest brute that ever drew breath is not altogether insensible to the influence of kindness. Of course it takes a strong man—the very strongest in fact—to do a kindness to the man who has wronged him, and yet there is no other way of so certainly bringing about restitution. Not only this, but it develops additional strength in the man who does it.

Like begets like, and hate generates hate. We all recognize this because it is every day borne in upon us by the contentions of human kind. Every lawsuit testifies to it, every hotly contested political campaign, every occasion when men meet in conflict for individual preference. If this is true, then it must hold that kindness begets kindness. In fact, kindness accumulates at the rate of compound interest, and it is the only investment I know in which the principal is absolutely safe and the interest 100 per cent—payable in advance. I say payable in advance, because no man ever started out to do a kind act who was not rewarded for it in his own consciousness, even before he lifted a hand. The mere resolve to be kind carries with it its own reward, and

starts in the individual a mental and moral growth that cannot be computed.

And the peculiar thing about it is that the power of kindness can be exercised by the lowliest as well as the highest. The king upon the throne has no more privilege in this respect than the digger of ditches, and there is no other factor in human life so well calculated to destroy the distinctions of caste as this. Kindness makes the whole world kin. It breaks down the barriers of distrust, deceit, envy, jealousy, hate, and all their miserable train.

And it is so cheap. The miser's pile is not lessened by its use, and the poorest of the poor can employ it in reckless profusion. It grows by what it feeds on, and its food costs nothing.

Kindness is the most valuable asset for the young man or young woman to begin life on, and the capital stock may be had for the asking. Armed with kindness, with consideration, and with a determination to employ his talents to the highest possible proficiency, and every young man can win his way in the world and gather strength to meet the emergencies of life as he goes. Each kind act is a threefold benefit, it helps the one who performs it, the one who receives it, and the world at large is the better for it. Heap up kindness and half the trouble of life would be smothered. If to substitute happiness for unhappiness is desirable, then kindness is its own justification.

A man should be estimated not so much by the size of his hat as by the size of his heart.

Beauty · In · Nature

I OFTEN wonder if we get the full measure of happiness intended for us through the medium of the marvelous beauty provided by mother nature. We are in such a hurry in these days, and so occupied with what we are pleased to call the material things of life that we do not sufficiently study the wondrous handicraft that grows up around us on all sides, even in the midst of city life. We are so absorbed in other matters that we are constantly passing by without a thought the very things that should most appeal to us in our search for the sublime and the beautiful. There is enough of beauty in a single tree to overwhelm an ordinary mortal with wonder, awe and reverence, if he but took the pains to study its outlines, its varying forms, its brilliant hues, and its never ending change from morn till night and night till morn. This is particularly true in the spring time when all of nature is fairly bursting with life and energy. And what a carpet the earth and air have woven for the feet of man! Is there anything like grass to walk upon, or look upon, or lie upon? And what shall we say of the lakes, and rivers, and mountains, and valleys, each with its own individuality, each with its own tradition, and its own atmosphere? We do not study these things enough. We do not enter into the spirit of the marvelous miracle that nature is working before our very eyes at every turn of the tide, at every revolution of the cycle of the seasons. And we fall far short of getting the most there is in life when we fail to accept the bounty that nature has provided for us.

Thoughts

IF it is true that "thoughts are things" then we should be very careful to guard the kind of thinking we do. It is undeniable that a man's method of thinking largely establishes his character. It is not altogether the things he does but the things he thinks which shape his destiny, because a man's thoughts must sooner or later dominate his actions. And if a man is to act rightly he must think rightly. I sometimes believe that the power of secret thought is not fully appreciated by the average individual. Most people seem to imagine that it matters little what they think so long as they do not allow a bad thought to manifest itself in an open act. But this is a very great fallacy. A man can not long indulge in unworthy thoughts without sooner or later being thereby influenced in his actions, and even if he were able for an indefinite time to so control his acts that they failed to mirror his thoughts, there is an inevitable disintegration of moral and mental fiber following wrong thinking which saps a man's character and manifests itself in one way or another just so surely as a cause produces an effect.

In every man's inner consciousness then there should be established as strict a monitor as if the eyes of the entire world were upon him, and it should be considered as highly essential to think good thoughts as to do good deeds. It is positively dangerous to do otherwise. Not that it is possible to prevent wrong thoughts from entering the mind at times. I do not believe there was ever an ordinary individual who was by nature so pure minded that an evil thought did not occasionally enter his mind. They seem to pop in on us without the

slightest provocation; it is often inconceivable whence they spring. They frequently take a very alluring guise, but if we are honest with ourselves we can not fail to recognize them for what they are, and the moment we recognize them we have a rigid duty to perform. If we can not prevent them from entering the mind we can at least expel them the instant they gain entrance, and this we should do resolutely and always. The surest way to prevent the mind from dwelling on bad thoughts is to keep it as constantly as possible occupied with good thoughts, and this is the safest road to contentment and happiness.

A prolonged quarrel between two individuals may not prove that both are at fault, but if you listen to the story of each you will usually be convinced that they are.

Strictly Personal

I WISH people would stop trying to save my soul. This is said with the utmost reverence, the greatest charity, and an entire absence of flippancy. It is merely a polite protest against a life-long persecution, and the fact that the persecutors have often been among my best friends does not necessarily lend enchantment to the scene. Ever since I can remember this inexplicable thing called my soul has seemed to be the object of much solicitation on the part of many of my acquaintances. For this I suppose I should be thankful and flattered, and I can truly say that I am not ungrateful.

But one of the chief difficulties of the situation is that each has a separate method or a different formula for saving souls. One man, a very dear friend, claims that every night for the past twenty-five years he has never failed to carry my case to the throne of grace in prayer. If this is true, and I have no reason to doubt his word, that makes more than 9,000 distinct supplications on my behalf by this one individual—which ought, if his method were effective, to save any soul, even a worse one than mine. But the peculiar thing is that in the quarter century that I have known him he has changed his ideas several times as to how souls should be saved. When I first met him he was a staunch Episcopalian, and then he became a Methodist. When last I saw him he had concluded that the Salvation Army method was the correct one, but now after a number of years he writes me that the churches are all astray, and that there is no true religion in any of them. What his present belief is it is difficult for me to understand, though he has tried faithfully to explain it to me. In any

event, he assures me that it is the only real and certain road to salvation, and I am wondering where I should have been today had I been won over by him when I first knew him. Of one thing I am sure, that I never could have kept pace with him in changing beliefs.

And this is the trouble. There are so many plans of salvation that it is bewildering. One of the bitterest debates I ever heard was between two ministers of the gospel over a question of creed. Each claimed to have proved his point beyond peradventure, and yet if what either said were true the followers of the other were straightway on their road to hell for unbelief.

And I cannot see it that way—I sincerely and honestly cannot—and I have pondered a good deal upon it. I cannot think that hell is a question of belief, or that it is a place of abode. I believe in the heaven created by good works, but not in a hell fire kindled for eternity. It is too monstrous.

I am not foolish enough to wish to jeopardize my future by a flippant disregard of any of the essentials. I think seriously upon these things, and the essence of all my thought is that to constantly do good and always be kind is the very best religion. This in spite of the fact that one of the last sermons I heard from the pulpit placed good works in the category of dross, and lauded belief—this particular minister's own belief, be it said—as the one essential to life everlasting.

Well, may be so, but that is not my point of view. I am willing that the minister should believe that if he must, but I do not want him to insist that I shall believe it. For mere harmony's sake I should like to be able to believe as my friends want me to, but I should have to be a mental acrobat to keep in line

with all of them. No, the thing to do as I view it is for every man to live up to his highest possibilities in good and loving service, with an eye single to the greatest amount of happiness he can contribute to the world, and not concern himself too much about creeds, or beliefs—or unbeliefs. Above all, let him be charitable about the opinions of others, and let him not intrude his particular belief upon every passerby.

To insist that others shall believe as you do is not only aiming at an impossibility, but in many instances it is offering an insult to the intelligence of those whom you seek to influence.

We are what we are by virtue of countless generations before us, and yet now that we are here we owe it to all the coming generations to strive constantly for the best there is in us.

Motive

I CAN forgive a man almost anything if his motive is good. He may provoke me to desperation by his blunders, and make me almost despise him for his density, and yet I can forgive him if he means well. The designing man with a smug exterior but with a false heart is my especial detestation. Even the good he does carries with it an unsatisfactory savor. As I study the motives of men I am frequently reminded of that phrase in "Ecce Homo"—a book with a world of philosophy in it—"It is true that a good man does good deeds, but it is not necessarily true that he who does good deeds is a good man. Selfish prudence often dictates a virtuous course as unerringly as virtue itself."

And when I see a man do another a good turn with all the while a hidden depravity in his heart and with an ulterior motive behind it, I am nauseated to the depths of my being, and shaken throughout my entire moral fiber. I care not how polished or accomplished a man may be, if he is not honest I want none of him. And the incomprehensible thing to me about most men with bad motives is that they so frequently delude themselves with the belief that they are deceiving the world as to their honesty. I do not believe it was ever the case that a man lived long in a community in close association with his fellows without at least some of them understanding his motives. We hear occasionally a blare of trumpets over the fact that a certain man has deceived a whole community by leading a double life, posing at one time as a moral, religious man and at other times sinking to the depths of degradation, but the very excitement over such an

occurrence proves the rarity of it. And it is safe to conclude that even with the most skillful tactician—with these men whom the world heralds as having successfully played a double role—it is always the case that some few in the community understood perfectly their motives and are not surprised when the exposure comes. It is assuredly true that with most men motive is easily read, and sooner or later a man's motives form the basis of the estimate which the thinking people of the world place upon him.

I would rather have charity in my heart for the faults of others than to be the most righteous person in the world.

The Mistletoe and Holly

I AM sorry for the man or woman who ever gets too old to enter into the spirit of the blessed Yuletide season, or who sees nothing beautiful in the sentiment which yearly springs up in the hearts of people to bind them closer in a common sympathy. There is something about the Christmas time which appeals to the finer senses of humanity and makes it forget for a moment the sordid side of life and the other-while unconquerable greed of gain. And when this sentiment is summed up it will be found that aside from religious convictions, it revolves for the most part around two ideas—the idea of home and the idea of childhood. And what is better than these two ideas? Home is the most sacred place on earth, and childhood is the sweetest and purest thing in existence.

At Christmas time there is the universal home-coming on the part of the loved ones scattered here and there by the exigencies of modern life, and to gather once again around the old fireside and see reflected in the light of the glowing embers from the ancient Yule-log the faces of those best beloved is the sweetest sight this side the pearly gates.

And the children—who among us is not made better by the radiant faces of the blessed little tots as they hug close the burnished toys and chatter so confidently of their patron saint, the dear, immortal Kriss Kringle? And who can escape the contagion of their happiness? Pity the man who is proof against this sort of infection, and who can look unmoved upon such a scene as this. Let us get

together at this time of the year, and let us cherish more and more the beautiful sentiment typified by the event. Let us try if we may to divorce Christmas from the modern idea of a scramble for presents, and let us exchange love for love, and charity for charity, instead of bartering so fervently in material commodities on this especial occasion. Let us go back to the sentiment of home and childhood, and renew the memories of other days when life was less complex and not so careworn as it is to-day. Let us be simple in our tastes and happy in their fulfillment.

I hate persecution whether it be attributed to a man, a devil, or a god.

A · Man's · Duty

I SOMETIMES find it exceedingly difficult to determine the exact nature of a man's duty in many of the minor affairs of life as well as in those of more serious import. This relates not so much to moral obligations as to the material things of life which enter into everyday experience. Moral duty seems to me self-evident and readily defined, but when it comes to worldly affairs I am sometimes greatly at sea. I find my convictions constantly changing according to my momentary point of view. For instance, I sometimes see a man who goes through life in the easiest possible manner, enjoying to the utmost everything that comes his way, and taking no thought of the morrow. He never worries, never hurries, never works too hard, never assumes responsibilities that are not thrust upon him. If he sees anything he wants he gets it if he has the money, and sometimes he gets it whether he has the money or not. He scorns to think of such a sordid thing as saving money. If he lives to be old and past the earning capacity of his better days he is frequently brought face to face with poverty, want and despair. If he dies in the prime of life he leaves his family or those dependent on him absolutely helpless, and a prey to the buffets and bitterness of the cold world. And when I see such an one I declare in my inmost soul that this man failed grievously in his duty, and that no man is doing right who does not enter seriously into the problem of providing for old age and of protecting those dependent upon him. In such moments I can see no kind of deprivation and self-discipline too great for a man to practice in his youth and early manhood to the end that his latter days shall be secure from want.

And then again I see other men who strive and save, and deprive themselves of luxuries and even comforts, who make of life a serious struggle without a relaxing ray of recreation, always looking forward to the time when they shall have accumulated enough to be independent, and never willing to divorce themselves a moment from business. And I sometimes see one of these suddenly stricken down and snuffed out, leaving nothing behind him but a memory of toil and hardship. It would seem that there should be something in life for a man besides that, and at such a time I am led to believe that it is a man's duty to accept some pleasure in life as he goes along.

Then in professional matters it is difficult to know what is exactly right. When I think of many of the problems which remain unsolved in my profession to-day I am overwhelmed by my apparent lack of duty in not setting myself resolutely at work to solve them. In my own eyes I am at that moment a veritable beggar to absorb as much as I have from the profession and give so little in return.

Probably before this conviction is twenty-four hours old I am suddenly brought up against another point of view, by being forced to compare the number of hours I give to the profession as against those I devote to the ones who are near and dear to me in domestic relationship, and I must confess when this issue is raised I hedge the question. I never quite have the courage to contend for the professional side of the obligation when two or three pairs of brown eyes are searching my conscience in the matter. And, so, what is a man's duty?

I sometimes think I have it answered by the trite phrase "a happy medium," but mediums are not always happy—and then it is so hard to know what is medium.

The · Power · of · Non-Resistance

I AM frank to confess that I have a long way to travel yet before I can quite bring myself to subscribe to the doctrine of the Sage of Russia in which he urged that, no matter what an individual does to you in the way of injury, you should make no resistance—at least you should not resist so as to injure the other. If I understand the peasant Count correctly, there should be no such thing as punishment inflicted on an individual in the way of retaliation. Well, in my better moods I can come pretty nearly seeing it in this way myself, and, while there are some features of this theory which do not seem to fit into the necessities of every case, yet I most assuredly deplore anything in the nature of vengeance. This doing injury to people to “get even” with them has no place in my philosophy or my sympathy, and I often lament the misery which individuals bring upon themselves and others by such a course. The trite old saying that “two wrongs never made a right” is as true as anything in morals and ethics can be. If you deliberately set at work to do a man an injury because he has done you one, or you fancy he has, you invariably inflict more harm upon yourself than you do upon him. This is as certain as it is that fire burns.

The wonder of it is, to me, that people have not learned this truth long ago, and I am also in ceaseless amazement that many otherwise observant individuals fail to realize the subtle power there is in non-resistance. The mere statement of this principle would seem paradoxical, but a closer analysis and an extended observation of human events and of the motives

of men will reveal the real force behind an attitude of calm self-control and lack of resentment in the face of injury. This does not imply that if a mad man or a mad beast comes at you with intent to do you bodily harm you are to stand with folded arms and not defend yourself. But this self-defense should be limited to your own protection and not carried into counter-injury to the other through resentment.

There are so many of the small affairs of life to which this principle of non-resistance applies that it seems strange that civilized people have not long ago learned the lesson. Take the one example of receiving an abusive letter from one who is stinging under a fancied wrong. The first impulse of human nature is, of course, to answer back in kind, and that is what the writer of the letter fully expects. It completely takes the wind from his sails for you to write a moderate, kindly-tempered and explanatory reply. He may swagger around among his friends and say that he "has brought you to time," but in his inmost heart he knows that he is the defeated party, and so do all his friends know it. And ever after he will be more afraid to attack you than if you had given him back what he sent.

Kindliness and consideration will win every time over harshness and retaliation, and, besides, it is only along these lines that true growth of character can take place, either in the individual or the nation.

Say the truth even if it hurts, but try to say it so that it will not hurt.

The · Value · of · the · Home

A HOME is not a house, nor is a house necessarily a home. But a club or a boarding house is neither one thing nor the other and never can be. It may do as a place of last resort, or a temporary makeshift, but it is a poor place in which to think good thoughts or do good deeds. Imagine a man resolving to live a better life, in the hurly burly of a big hotel. Ten to one somebody will come along in the midst of his reverie, and ask him to have a drink—which they do say is not at all conducive to living a better life.

The home is the sanctuary of the family, the place where the better impulses are born, and where the true growth of manhood is stimulated. If a man is not good in his home he is seldom good any place, but the reverse cannot be said because a man is sometimes a heathen Chinese in public, and a model of probity within the precincts of his own home. The home is the purifier of society, and the most stable asset of the commonwealth. Without the home we would all be like a lot of passengers in transit through life.

The man who buys a home and pays for it is anchored to something substantial in life. There is one spot at least that holds an especial interest for him, a place to which he can retire as a haven of refuge when all the rest of the world wearies him. No matter how tempest-tossed a man may be with conflicting interests outside, however severe the stress and strain of business cares or the nagging of an enemy, whatever may be said of him in public in the way of harsh criticism or unjust censure, the moment he reaches the confines of his own

home he is certain of open-armed confidence and the solace which comes from being understood. The world may misjudge and malign a man, but at home he is estimated at his true worth. He is taken at par. His reputation is never discounted, and he is sure of receiving credit for everything if he makes good—sometimes he is credited when he doesn't make very good.

There is no place where Charity is so broad, or forgiveness so certain as in the home. "To know all is to forgive all," and in the home a man is known.

The home is the sheet anchor of civilization. Think of the condition of any community where most of the people consist of a floating population. There is nothing substantial about such a place. To be stable, there must be community interest, and you cannot have such interest without the nucleus of the home.

The defeated politician seeks his home after the contest with the certainty of finding comfort and solace. There is no salve so effective in taking out the sting of defeat as the sympathy and cheer of the family circle.

The successful politician or the great statesman comes to his home wearied from shaking hands with lines of people he never saw before and never expects to see again. He sinks down with a sigh of relief into his old familiar arm chair, placed conveniently with loving thought for his reception. His lame hand is let alone, and he receives kisses instead of shakes. What a relief! The homage of all the world is nothing compared to this. And so it is in every walk of life—the home is the one sure refuge in time of trouble or in time of triumph.

You sometimes hear people prate about the expense and responsibility of keeping up a home.

Fie, and fiddle-de-dee-dee! Don't you believe it, or if you believe it don't let it deceive you. If it is a responsibility for anyone it is for the wife and mother, and it is the kind of responsibility that every woman should welcome. There may not be so much glamor about it as there is in occupying the chair at a woman's club meeting, but there is a heap more common sense and comfort in it. It fits.

Let every young man who looks forward to an old age of contentment and competence begin to look about early in life with the idea of establishing himself in a home. It will stay put, when everything else is scattered.

The greatest luxury I know is to have ample time in which to do your work well.

My Prayer

I PRAY that I shall be patient—patient with the mistakes, the foibles, and even the sins of others. I pray that if I am wronged I shall be patient with the wrong-doer; that I shall count all of the causes which led to the wrong; that I shall search faithfully to see if I may not in some manner have contributed to the wrong. I pray that my patience extends not to myself in case I do wrong to others, that the righteous indignation of my whole soul shall rise up within me to accuse me in all bitterness. I pray that I may have charity—not the blatant kind that builds edifices and dedicates them with blare of trumpet; but the kind that goes down deep into the aching hearts of humanity and forgives a false or wayward step. I pray that the sins of the fathers be not meted out to the sons, that the dismal heritage of disease and pain be banished from the generations of men. I pray that the pangs of hunger be not inflicted on the children of the poor, nor the pride of possession be the chief portion of the rich. I pray for the virtue of humility—not the humility of self-consciousness, but the humility of sacrifice and service. I pray for the blessing of work—not the agonized toil of helpless women and children through greed of gain, but the glorious privilege of doing for the sake of doing, of adding to the myriad means of human thrift and happiness and increasing day by day the material and moral welfare of the world. I pray for hope, that blessed balm of the human soul; for love, that elixir of the human heart. I pray for the rugged path of truth, the high hill of justice, and the boundless atmosphere of liberty. I pray for stress and storm, for heat and cold,

for light and darkness—for the constant change which holds within it the germ of virile growth. I pray for reverses to try the temper of my mind, that I may better bear the favors of fortune when they come. I pray for breadth of vision, for height of aspiration, and for depth of discernment. I pray for purity of thought—the mentor of our every act, the guardian angel of our deeds, and the star which keeps our faces forever turned toward the light—above all I pray for purity of thought. I pray for happiness, not the false and spurious happiness which grows in a heaven of lure and lust, but the happiness which falls as the gentle dew from the vine of virtue—the happiness which comes from doing good and being kind. I pray that I may be like other men, with the same hopes, the same desires, and the same trials—that there be no aloofness in my life. I pray that I may live and labor with my fellowman. I pray that I may be blessed with friends and companions; friendship the flower, and companionship the fruit of earthly experience. I pray that I may love and be loved as long as I live, that I may bask in the sweet savor of that rarest plant of human life, and close my eyes at last to the soothing melody of loving lips.

And in praying for all of this I make the prayer to myself, knowing full well that the answer lies for the most part with the one who prays.

If a day passes without making some one happier, it is a day wasted.

My Letters

I HAVE a very large correspondence and some of my friends commiserate with me on what they call "the burden" of answering letters. But they don't know. The fact is that the motive behind most of my correspondence is selfishness—selfishness on my part. It is a selfish way I have of visiting with my friends. The world is so large now, and my friends are so scattered, that I find it impossible to visit with all of them by word of mouth, and so I take this means of keeping in touch with them. Next to the pleasure of seeing my friends personally is the great joy I have in receiving letters from them. I know of no more satisfying thing, in a way, than to sit down at my desk after a hard day's work and look over the letters my friends have been kind enough to write me. It refreshes me and makes me feel that life is worth the living. There is an individuality in each letter, and I read each in a different mood. Some of them are from friends I have known for years, some from recent friends, and some from friends I have never seen. All are interesting. I read the letters from friends I know with a mental picture of the writer before me as I read. I am actually visiting with him, and if the hours of the day were longer—or rather the hours of the night, because all my letter-writing is done at night—I would answer him back in a better way than I usually do (which is really no excuse at all, and I trust I am properly ashamed of it). I read the letters of the friends I have never seen with an imaginary picture of the writer, and some of them I am sure would smile if they knew the image I have of them in my mind. As I read these letters I often imagine

the writer a perfect deity—which of course is ridiculous.

The character of the letters I receive is as varied as are the writers. Some of the letters tell me of good fortune, of happiness, of hearts lightened and hopes high. With these I rejoice. Others tell me of disappointments, discouragements, and the blasting of hopes; and with these I sympathize. Some bring me word of bereavement and sorrows, and I mourn with these. Others tell me of domestic events, and particularly the arrival of babies. When one of these letters comes I instantly drop everything and write a note to the new baby. I have the distinguished honor of writing the first letter that many a baby has received, and while it has probably made little impression on the baby, yet it has done me worlds of good.

Some of the pleas in the letters that come to me are unique, ranging from a request by a man of whom I had never heard to draw some plans for his new office, down to an offhand suggestion by another that he would like me to write an article for him that he might read it at a coming meeting. One man—bless his heart—honored me with a recital of his whole life history to the most minute detail, till I blushed and blushed at the confidences he reposed in me. I have many times since then wished that I might have the privilege of meeting that man. I confess to a real womanly curiosity to see what he looks like.

And so it goes. In the quiet of many an otherwise discouraged and weary night I refresh my courage and my hope by communing with my absent friends. I am rested when I rise from my desk to go to bed—rested mentally and physically; and as I place my head upon the pillow I lift a benison for all of those who have been good enough to send me letters.

Patience

IF I HAD the training of every boy in the land one of the first lessons I should try to teach him would be to overcome impatience. How long it does take the average individual to learn this lesson, and how seriously handicapped an individual is in life till he has it learned. The proverbial impetuosity of youth is all right to get up steam with, but it requires the balance wheel of patience to make the machine run true. Whenever I see any one growing impatient and fuming because things do not go to their liking, I am impressed with the awful waste of energy and dissipation of power. Calmness always controls, but impatience perverts. It is invariably the patient man who wins in the end, and who lives the longest.

If things do not work just right, keep cool. You will probably need all your reserve power to meet the situation without wasting it in impotent stamping. Battering your head against a brick wall hurts nothing so much as it does your head, and a moment's quiet reflection to steady your nerves is worth more than an hour's rampant rage.

One of the chief demands for patience is in dealing with the public. All sorts and conditions of temperament confront the individual who comes in daily contact with the rank and file of humanity. Impatience with the foibles of people soon leads to inharmony, inharmony to disagreement, disagreement to distrust, and distrust to hate. You simply cannot hold people if you are impatient with them. When anyone of a trying temperament comes into your business life study his peculiarities and have patience. You can never control people

unless you understand them, and you cannot understand them unless you study them. To do this in a way to search out the hidden springs of motive which impel their actions requires patience.

And the best of it all is that the cultivation of patience is one of the most effective means of self-development. You can never hope to control others unless you can first control yourself, and the very effort to control yourself constitutes growth. To be patient is to grow.

Lincoln was a patient man and so was Grant. Neither would have accomplished what he did—in fact, neither would have ever been heard of in the world—had it not been for this sublime quality. All really great men have been patient, though in some instances brief periods of impetuosity have temporarily hidden the larger attribute. The patience of Job—just his patience—has made his name immortal. We cannot all be immortal in the sense that Job was, but we can all try to be patient, and that is the first step to immortality.

One of the best means of developing patience in dealing with people is to learn to look at the other man's point of view. Remember always that there are two sides to every question—sometimes many more than that—and if you put yourself in the other fellow's place and see the matter as he sees it, even if you do not agree with him, you are sure to be more patient with him.

If humanity would learn this lesson there would be fewer lawsuits, less contention, greater harmony and more certain happiness. Strive to be patient—even with fools. They may not know they are fools.

The · Miracle · of · The · Buds

I WONDER how many of my readers watch this miracle every spring. What a wondrous world of energy is represented by the unfolding of every plant and shrub and tree. Think of the circulation carried from the moist and mellow earth up through the roots, trunks, limbs and stems. What a marvel of chemical affinity, the juices of the soil traveling skyward to the furthestmost tips of the tiny branches and there mingling with the gases of the air to produce the miracle of bursting brown and then of livid green. How busy nature is when the royal frost king breaks his bonds and yields his sceptre to the wooing of the sun. One morning in middle March I passed a tulip bed where the gardener had scraped off the straw covering, and lo, there were tiny pink and red shoots two inches high puncturing the surface of the earth as valiantly as if there were no likelihood of another frost to come and nip their tender noses. I noticed that the gardener had left the winter covering convenient to be thrown over the bed again during the chilly nights that always come this time of year.

I have sympathy with the man who said one spring day to his companion: "No, I am not going to work tomorrow. I am going out to the parks—the buds are coming out." But, after all, we do not have to go to the parks to see this miracle. If there is a tree anywhere in our vicinity, if there is a shrub, a bush, a vine—anything that bears leaves, we can fill our soul with the ecstasy of this phenomenon. Such an enfoldment, such an evolution, such a birth. The small, hard brown husks beginning to burst and the pale green forcing its way through the loving grasp of the tiny shell

till it flutters before us a miniature leaf, then growing larger, larger, and yet larger till the shrub, however small, and the tree, however big, are filled with these beautiful banners of deepening green, waving their welcome to the passer by and preparing for the time when the midday sun is so hot that humanity needs the sheltering arms of the overhanging boughs.

And think of it. In all the myriads and myriads of these leaves no two alike. What a stupendous variety of individuality. The mold immediately broken when each leaf is formed, and never another one to be formed like it. When the wonder of all of this fully breaks in upon a man it is enough to make him worship every leaflet upon every twig or towering tree.

A study of nature is one of the things which brings a full hundred per cent upon the investment—a hundred per cent of satisfaction—without the danger of being on the wrong side of the market and going down in the crash of a panic. If a man truly loves nature he has something in life to make it well worth the living.

The most trying thing for an ambitious individual is to be obliged to follow some one who is too slow.

I· Wouldn't

IF I WERE you I wouldn't hold resentment—it doesn't pay. And that is not the only reason why I wouldn't. It is not manly or big, or brave, or right to hold resentment. It doesn't contribute to happiness, or create harmony, or help humanity. It harms yourself more than anybody else, but you are not the only one it harms. It is a canker eating into your very soul and souring the sweetness of life—your own and others. It is never constructive, but always destroys, blights and blasts. You never "get even" with people who wrong you without lowering your own manhood.

I wouldn't answer an abusive or unreasonable letter the same day I received it. It is always best to wait till the first flush of vexation is over, when the calmness of contemplation shall have soothed the irritated nerves and permitted reason and charity to ascend the throne. I would wait till the mood of conciliation came to my rescue, and if this mood did not come I would never answer the letter. It is better not to write at all than to write in kind when you are made the victim of an unjust attack.

I wouldn't turn my back on the poorest pilgrim who ever trod the earth if I could be of help, but help is of various kinds. The best help is to help others to help themselves; the most pernicious help is that which creates dependence, and makes the recipient more helpless.

I wouldn't judge an act without knowing the motive, and I wouldn't judge a motive without knowing the facts. Even so, truth is more subtle than fact, and I should want to go

farther and know the truth. Then I wouldn't judge without thinking twice, and after I had thought twice I should hope that I wouldn't judge at all.

I wouldn't weep over the unavoidable. Hard as it sometimes seems, it is never made easier by lamenting, and the energy used in regrets is worse than wasted.

I wouldn't wish too much for wealth; instead of wishing and waiting I would go out and get it. Wealth is wonderful when it is properly used, but the struggle for wealth merely for the wealth's sake is folly.

I wouldn't be worse than a bear; a bear is true to his friends, and honorable with his enemies. He never goes out of his way to look for trouble nor does he shirk it when it comes. He is for the most part a better philosopher than you or I.

I wouldn't weave a web of imaginary wrong and embroider somebody's name on it; I would wear my true colors and look every man in the face.

I wouldn't willingly give offense to the most offensive; I wouldn't retaliate with the most treacherous; I wouldn't fawn on the most effusive.

I wouldn't live a life of distrust, or doubt, or suspicion, or envy, or hate. I would live out in the open with the sunlight of heaven bathing my brow, and my heart attuned to the beneficence and grandeur of the spheres.

I wouldn't spend my energy in righting fancied wrongs, or in reforming those who are better than I. I wouldn't preach reform, and practice perfidy, and meanness and deceit.

I wouldn't set myself up as an example to others till first I had proved that I was better

than others, and, second, that others needed an example.

I wouldn't harbor a mean thought lest that thought turn on me and rend me like an inward claw.

I wouldn't yield my sovereignty of soul to the lure of worldly lust, nor float on the tide of a false faith to escape the duty of good works. I wouldn't hide behind a belief unless that belief were backed by deeds, and I wouldn't lament even though I could not believe if only I were permitted the privilege of doing.

And last of all I wouldn't flaunt my troubles to the world, but baring my breast to the blast I would resolutely face the portion which fate had in store for me, and plod patiently on to the end of the winding road.

Do good at every opportunity—you never know how few chances may be left.

Perseverance

ONE of the greatest factors of success in life is perseverance. To keep everlastingly at it is to win. The man who sticks at one thing only long enough to get acquainted with the angles of the game and then drops it is paying rent all his life—that is, he is paying rent or moving—while the man who perseveres owns his own home, and probably is collecting rent or interest. He is independent and does not have to dance to the tune of the landlord's fiddle.

"Be sure you are right, then go ahead," and keep going till you get there. If you stop half way, be certain you have gone the hardest part of the journey, and will fail to reap the reward. It takes courage and determination sometimes to persevere in the face of obstacles, but to develop such courage is to lend strength to your character. If you learn the lesson of perseverance, you have a liberal education, and it is an education that every one may acquire. It doesn't call for school funds or hamper the taxpayer, and the only teacher you need is yourself.

If Christopher Columbus had not persevered in the face of opposition from those about him, or if some other man later had not persevered in face of the same kind of opposition, you and I would probably have been born in some such incongruous country as Europe, Asia, or Africa—or more likely we would never have been born at all. Think of what a perfectly dreadful calamity that would have been.

When tempted to quit, just take a fresh hold and lift the harder. The plodder with average ability will distance the brilliant

quitter nine times in ten—or in ten thousand. If you meet an obstacle, do not attempt to go around it, but climb right over it. The boat which attempts to go around a wave in a heavy sea gets swamped. Learn to climb.

If you have a good thing, stay with it till you make it better, and even if it isn't so very good, stay with it till you make it good. The greatest need of the world is development, and things cannot be developed without perseverance. The jumping Jack—or Bill—or Tom, who flits from one activity to another seldom lands squarely on his feet. He is usually looking for a soft spot to light, but the soft spots were all appropriated long ago. The only way to find a soft spot now is to make it soft by repeated impact. Keep pounding. The iron may not always be as hot as you would like but remember that many of the opportunities of life weld cold.

Aiming high is most honorable, but stopping short of the summit is disgrace. Some men when they begin to see the rays of light over the crest of the hill get dazzled, and sit down on a mossy bank to breathe and exult. By the time they have rested and resumed the journey, they find the point of vantage on the top already occupied by the plodder. Keep at it while you are under way. To stop and start again—even if you ever do start again—is a waste of energy. It is lost impetus, and impetus counts in the home stretch.

Keep the machine moving while the bearings are warm enough to soften the oil. It is time to stop when the journey is ended, the work done, and the summit reached.

An · Open · Letter · to · the Trained · Nurse

My Dear Girl:

I have seen you bending over a sick bed, so absorbed in your work that you were oblivious to everything else in the world except that one supreme thing—your duty. I have seen you under the stress and strain of endless watching and waiting, with your eyes concentrated on that pale form lying in the bed. I have seen you tiptoe around the room as noiselessly and unobtrusively as a spirit from another world, breathing a blessing in your every move; and when I have seen all of this I have worshipped you—worshipped you more fervently than any of the famed Goddesses of ancient times. I have said to myself: "Could devotion be more sublime?" And I have answered "No."

You have robbed illness of much of its horror, and rendered tolerable the bed of pain. You have taken the sting from sickness, and much of the sadness even from bereavement itself. You have sanctified the issues of life and death, making life more livable and death more bearable. You have glorified service, giving it a grandeur undreamed of in the marts of trade, where men work by the clock, and merely for the wage.

Your deftness, your alertness, your intuition, your devotion—all of these appeal to me and give me more faith in human kind. You add to one's reverence, to one's hope, to one's confidence. Yours is the great gift of ministration and helpfulness; of bringing good cheer and happiness—happiness even in sorrow.

You have learned how to serve, and in service there is the greatest joy. You have

learned unselfishness, and unselfishness is the supreme achievement.

To you is given the sacred mission of soothing aching nerves and fevered brows; of changing hideous night into the dawning of a better day. You quiet fears, dispel doubts, and drive despair from many a palsied heart.

You visit the hovel of the poor as well as the palace of the rich, and you mete out to both the best you have. In this you are more than human—you are divine.

I am not grotesque enough to allot to you the attributes of a deity, even when I say that you are divine. But you are something better. You are doing a definite, tangible good to humanity every day you live, while some of the deities I have read about float merely on the evanescent ether.

If I were ill I would rather have your soft magnetic hand on my burning brow than to have a myriad prayers said over me. Prayers might not be answered, but the hand would always soothe.

I have often thought how difficult was your work, how wearying, how nerve-racking. You are dealing all the time with the abnormal—the unnatural. Every individual who is ill lacks balance in some respects. It may be only physical balance, but more frequently it is both physical and mental. And you are expected to be superior to all this abnormality—you are supposed to bend yourself to every whim of your patient, however foolish, absurd, or even brutal it may be. In every case of serious illness you are the sacrificial lamb—on you falls the chief burden.

But this should not depress you or make you resentful—it should glorify you and make you thankful. The highest function of hu-

manity is to minister unto others, and if the ministration is made doubly difficult, the achievement is doubly worthy. To overcome against great odds is the supreme test of character, and to do this in the quiet of the sick-room, where the world is not looking on—where the reward must come from inward satisfaction instead of outward show—this is the acme of sanctified service.

And in this there lies the greatest reward—greater even than the crowning of kings. When you lay your head on the pillow to snatch a few fevered hours of rest, your cot by the bedside is more hallowed than the couch of a queen. And when you rise from the all-too-limited respite, and dash some cooling draught on your face to revive your lagging energies, and come smiling and fresh into your patient's presence you are a heroine more truly than any of the fabled heroines of old.

I admire you not only for what you are but for what you do. You are accomplishing something of signal benefit in the world, and doing it so quietly that the world too frequently takes little note of what you do. To be sure your calling has been pronounced useful but it is something more than that—it is sublime. It prolongs human life and makes the pathway more pleasant, more secure. It robs illness of much of its dread, and changes terror into calm.

If all the nurses were suddenly eliminated from our social fabric it would create consternation and end in panic. Many people would die who otherwise would live—many would suffer who otherwise would be free from pain. You are thus a distinct asset to our civilization—in short real civilization would be impossible without you.

But be careful. With all your exaltation of occupation you are in danger—danger not so much of physical harm or of disease as of mental and emotional warping. How difficult it is when you are dealing each day with the whims, the unreasonableness of people not to take on some of the same mental strabismus. To deal always with the abnormal tends to bring about abnormality in one's self; to cope with distortion of vision tends to distort one's own.

You are treated badly at times, unworthily, wrongfully. Never mind. It is always due to one of two things—either to the fact that the people you serve are not responsible through their abnormality, or that they are by nature overbearing, supercilious, and altogether unlovely. In the first instance you can afford to overlook the wrong on account of the circumstances; in the second you cannot afford to bring yourself to the level of the wrongdoer by retaliating in kind. Just smile and do your duty, and the triumph will always be yours.

But I am not to give you advice, nor to suggest lines of procedure. You know your special environment better than I, and you also know how to proceed. My sole object in writing is to bring a word of commendation into an exacting calling, and to try to make your pathway more pleasant by showing you how much your service means to human kind, and how much your efforts are appreciated by one who has had occasion to observe.

I give you greeting and my best blessing.

C. N. J.

Seeing · the · Other · Fellow's Point · of · View

THE most difficult thing for the average human being to do is to look with sufficient breadth at any question to see the other fellow's point of view.

If this could be done there would be fewer law suits and an altogether better understanding between men. There seems to be inherent in our nature somewhere a selfishness which narrows our vision and makes us see only one side of every question under consideration—the side which most favors our own interests. If a man is perfectly honest with his fellow man as well as with himself there need be no necessity for onesidedness. Putting yourself in the other fellow's place and imagining how you would feel is wonderfully good practice, and tends to broaden the vision. It is also quite likely to develop an abounding charity which reduces friction and lends harmony to the affairs of life. What we most need in dealing with our fellow man is charity. It is the sweet savor which perfumes our acts, the cordial which quickens our sympathies, the sedative which soothes our aching nerves. It reduces the theory of living amicably with our fellows to a science, and makes life really worth while.

Above and beyond all the petty gains of personal advantage there looms the magnificent manhood of him who would grant his fellow man the privilege of having an opinion of his own. He who would usurp to himself the right to dictate to others and direct their acts has not sufficient breadth of vision to entitle him to the prerogative of being a dictator. He is usually an unbalanced and unsafe man.

He who recognizes that there are other interests than his own, that he is only one of a great many other human beings who have been placed here to work out their destinies together, and who grants to others every privilege that he claims for himself,—he is a power for good in the world even though he may be only an obscure cobbler quietly working at the bench.

It would sometimes seem as if the world were all selfish and intolerant, but this is only because these attributes are apart from the natural order of things and are conspicuous because of their unnaturalness. Most men wish to do right by their fellow men, but their vision becomes perverted and narrow through human limitations and they fail in their ideals. One of the chief factors in correct living so far as it relates to our intercourse with mankind is in being able to widen our horizon sufficiently to look on all occasions at the other fellow's point of view.

It is sometimes easier to do the right thing than it is to know what is the right thing to do.

Wanted—A Sense of Integrity

WHAT the world needs more than anything else at this time is a higher appreciation of the virtue and value of integrity. Men skim along day after day on the ragged edge of dishonesty, content only if they can keep within the letter of the law while flagrantly violating its spirit. The fundamental basis of true success is honesty, but there seems to be an impression abroad in the land that this old-fashioned statement is out of date. Sharp practice seems to be the watchword of the hour, and there are men in the world—many of them—who apparently believe that this is necessary in order to get ahead in life. The grocer gives short weight, the butcher misrepresents the kind of steak he is selling, the dry goods man palms off an inferior article, the carpenter puts rotten lumber in your building if he thinks he can hide it from view, the painter uses an inferior quality of paint and charges for a good quality, the laundress puts chemicals in the wash to make her work easier and ruins your clothes, the cook connives with the delivery boy to rob you, the butler breaks your choicest dishes and surreptitiously flings the pieces in the garbage can, and the grafter lies in wait for you in every relation of life. From the politician who steals the taxes you pay to the waiter who works you for a tip—it is graft, graft, till the hydra-headed monster has crept into all pursuits. The labor unions are saturated with it and some of their leaders unblushingly levy tribute from helpless builders and manufacturers in a way that would put to shame the boldest buccaneer of ancient days.

The big corporations reek with it, and even the professions are not exempt. The shyster lawyer connives with a willing victim to trump up a case against a reputable citizen and takes it to court on a contingent basis. The surgeon—worst graft of all—pays a commission to the general practitioner for referring cases and then cuts up people who would be infinitely better without the knife. The dentist dupes the ignorant with the lure of "whalebone" teeth, "painless dentistry" and "four dollar crowns," getting the victim to the office and then squeezing every penny from him by all sorts of subterfuge.

Everywhere, into all avenues of effort, the game of wits has entered without the leaven of a basic and fundamental honesty to preserve the equity of things and give the affairs of life stability. And what is the result? Look at the business world. It is said that more than ninety per cent of business men fail or go bankrupt at some period of their career. This is, of course, not in every instance due to dishonesty, but it is safe to say that the vast majority of cases of failure may be traced directly or indirectly to questionable methods. The fault may not be personally in the man who fails, but somewhere in the conduct of his affairs there is a false standard to account for the failure.

If we look carefully into the history of those great mercantile and manufacturing concerns which have stood out so signally successful during an extended period of time we shall find that their methods have been based on the strictest integrity in dealing with the public. Instances might be mentioned by the score of houses of national and international reputation which have stood the test of money stringency and panics, serene in their solidity and secure from waves of business depression

and external turmoil. In every case their chief asset is the reputation gained for honest methods which have made them financially strong.

And what is true of concerns is true of individuals. The greatest asset any man can have is a reputation for sterling integrity, and this fact should more and more be impressed on the youth of our land. The world needs men of honesty today as it never needed them before, and there is a greater premium on it. The boys and girls of the present should be taught by precept and example that the chief aim in life is to adhere to the strictest line of correct living, that this kind of life brings its ample reward, and that any deviation from it inevitably brings its penalty. To have ingrained in the mind of a youth this one principle is equivalent to giving him a liberal education—without it his education is never complete.

If I have a fault and know it, and do not try honestly to overcome it, I am a wicked sinner.

My Pledge

FIRST I pledge myself not to continue to think ill of any man. That I shall at times and on the impulse think ill of people is only an evidence of my own frailty, and this I pledge myself to overcome in so far as I recognize it, and as soon as I recognize it.

I pledge myself to help the unfortunate to help themselves, but I shall not add to their misfortune by assuming a burden which properly belongs to them. If perchance I am stronger than others I shall not vaunt my strength by a vulgar display of paternalism over them. If I am weaker than others then shall I not cringe at their feet by permitting them to accept a responsibility which is mine.

I pledge myself to independence and self-reliance except where the fact of leaning on others is for their needed development. I accept my own destiny without fear or favor.

I pledge myself to tolerance, except that I must not be tolerant of anything in myself which is low or mean or which I should not wish the world to see.

I pledge myself not to offend others unless by thus offending I may show them a real fault and affect a real remedy. I shall criticize no man for the sake of criticism but I shall not withhold criticism where it will do good—the only condition being that I must first be sure that it will do good.

I pledge myself not to judge any man by external evidence, not failing to remember that there is little evidence which is not external.

I pledge myself to try to do some good deed each day whereby my fellowman may be made happier, and I make this pledge realizing the exceeding great difficulty of fulfilling it owing to the rapid succession of days and the natural laxity of human nature—my own in particular.

I pledge myself to think good thoughts in so far as I can control my thinking, not forgetting that I must change my thinking frequently to keep this pledge.

I pledge myself to look on all sides of every question which may come up for my consideration, studiously avoiding the practice all too common of seeing only one side of a question—the one which is to one's own individual advantage.

I pledge myself above all things not to make myself a burden to others by magnifying my misfortunes or by constantly complaining at fate. The ills I have I shall strive to bear patiently, and seek to hide them from the world.

I pledge myself to live a clean life, not merely upright in the eyes of the law but fulfilling as nearly as I may the essence of right living as embodied in love, charity and justice.

And I make no further pledge, conscious of the fact that my natural limitations will make it sufficiently difficult to live up to these.

Never condemn a man totally till you know him.

The · Old · Home

THE other day I passed the old home where I was born. I went in that unique and ancient conveyance a horse and buggy, and the experience was novel. The distance was only a few miles but the time seemed interminable. How slowly those great thin buggy wheels revolved, and how primitive the horse looked as he jogged along. In one way it was soothing, leisurely and comfortable; in another it was almost unbearable in its seeming waste of time. In one way it was the obvious and natural, in another it was horribly grotesque and strained.

One moment I found myself relaxing and looking reminiscently over the familiar objects along the roadside, the next I was keyed up with a frantic desire to press my foot on the accelerator and skim blithely over the ground. It was a mixed experience—an attempt to blend the old with the new, and make them harmonize. Never in all human history has there been so rapid and complete a transition as there has been from the horse-drawn vehicle to the automobile, and yet I found myself a short time ago looking with longing eyes at a beautiful horse. The world will never be quite the same to those of us who have loved horses as it was before, and yet which one of us would go back to the days before the automobile? It is merely a readjustment with the old not quite forgotten, and the new not quite mellowed down and reconciled.

The old house has stood there for more than sixty years, and it begins to look the part it has played. Some of the shingles are missing, and there is not a vestige of paint left

on the exterior. It is weather beaten, and leaning a bit out of plumb. I am sure that a loose board here and there must rattle in the wind, and the tall grass has grown up in front of the doorway.

The path leading from the house to the little gate is obliterated, and, worse than all, the splendid trees on either side of the gate have been ruthlessly slaughtered, because forsooth they shaded the ground and were charged with preventing the full yield of the land. Had I been favored with the emotions of a woman I should have wept at the barrenness left by the loss of those dear old trees. The man who did it was a practical man, and I suppose I should not complain because he fits so perfectly into the spirit of the age. And yet to me it seemed almost sacrilege to cut down those superb and towering trees that had waved their banners so bravely for half a century or more. It is only typical of the tendency which sacrifices the traditions and sentiments of the past for the seeming necessities and utilities of the present.

The old home is untenanted today save by the hallowed memories which linger and echo within its walls. How I wanted to open the side door and go browsing around among the familiar rooms, how I wanted to climb the stairs and look out the east window where the old manse used to be and then walk across the chamber and look out the west window. But the doors were locked and the keys were held by an alien hand—the old house had “gone out of the family.”

As I drove away I fell to dreaming—dreaming of other days before life became serious and when the problems were all in the future. I dreamed of lightness and laughter, of the crackle of wood fire, and the hum of

many voices. I dreamed of the patter of raindrops on the roof in summer and the swirl of snow along the eaves in winter. I dreamed of warmth and cheer inside, and the jingle of sleighbells out of doors. I dreamed of the beaten path to the barn, and the odor of new mown hay in the loft. I dreamed of the maple bush where in early spring I was cradled in a bucket made for sap. I dreamed of the long autumn nights, and the glorious sunsets over winter snows. I dreamed of the old manse down the road, whose massive bulk looms large in my boyhood's mind.

But gone is the manse, gone the maple bush, gone the flowers which flecked the yard save a few stray patriarchs forcing their persistent heads among the rank grass, gone the life and gayety of the place, and nothing left save a subdued and tender memory. Gone also are some of the old familiar faces who brightened the days of the long ago—gone where the summer sun beats down, and the winter snow piles up over the mounds in the little white village on the hill.

For what infirmities I have I pray to be conscious of them only in so far as I can remedy them.

A · Cure · for · the · Blues

I HAVE tried all kinds, from travel to calomel, and from horseback riding to the latest opera; but I have never found anything which so nearly proves a specific as the simple expedient of work. I have worked myself out of many a desperate mood, and I have never been able to cure myself by any other method. I wish some one would tell me why it is that an ordinarily sane individual will find himself in such a depressed mood at times that there does not seem to be a bright spot in the world anywhere. And the strange part of it is that it so often comes upon a man when there is apparently no good reason for it. He may be prosperous, he may feel well physically, he may have friends on every side, and yet he may be suffering from such a mental strabismus that he can see nothing in life worth the living. We are a strange bundle of inconsistencies.

Some people cling to life under the most discouraging and adverse circumstances, while others with everything apparently in their favor, grow pessimistic and commit suicide. The most cheerful individual I ever saw was a man who was so crippled that he was literally bent double. When he attempted to walk the top of his head nearly touched the ground, and in order to hobble along he was obliged to use his hands more than his feet, and to twist his head around to one side in the most painful way to see where he was going—his face being presented to the rear and his eyes upside down on account of his deformity. And yet I have seen this man come down town on the street car—he usually rode on the front platform—and make his way grotesquely to the sidewalk and up the street in all kinds of weather, as

full of business as any one. And I never saw anything in the way of a frown on his face, never saw the slightest indication of pain or impatience, never heard that he ever made a murmur. With everything apparently against him, he seemed to get the most out of life.

And I have seen malcontents of the meanest type with privileges that a prince might enjoy—but that is another story.

I started to write of a cure for the blues. When you are blue get down to good, hard work, physical or mental, and work till you are tired; then remember one thing and dwell on that until you begin to see daylight ahead. Remember that no matter how blue you feel the cause is in yourself, that the good old world wags along the same as ever, that your friends love you as much and your enemies do not hate you more. Be brave, fight the battle manfully with yourself, and your blues will not last long.

One who has never suffered has never fully developed.

Respect · the · Rights of · Others

THIS is the hardest lesson in life to learn—and the most important. If it could be learned by everybody the machinery of human affairs would move more smoothly. To respect the rights of others is fundamental. It starts at the very basis of justice in all the dealings of life. It is elemental, because it is the first law in the intercourse between man and man. Why do we find it so difficult to learn this lesson? It is all answered in a single word—it is selfishness. The man who comes the nearest to getting selfishness out of his heart comes the nearest to being a full-fledged man.

To put yourself in the other man's place is the one sublime achievement. To sink self in the common cause and realize that you are only one atom in the great moving mass of humanity is to get the right perspective, and to place your feet on the solid rock. When a man deals unjustly with you, stop and think. Try to see his point of view, and mayhap you will find that he is not so unjust as you had thought. Even if he is unjust, give him the benefit of believing that he does not realize it. If necessary to correct a wrong that he has done, approach the problem with charity and loving kindness, and not with a bludgeon in your hand. To knock a man down is not to convert him to your way of thinking, but to give him the pretext for knocking you down in return. Neither one is benefitted thereby and both are injured. If a man will not reason with you, let him alone. If you cannot convert him do not condemn him. If you cannot make him think as you think, remember that every man is given the inalienable right

to think for himself, and you should not be insistent in forcing your point of view on others.

You cannot reason with a venomous reptile, but you can respect his rights and keep out of his way. If he gets in your way and impedes the progress of a legitimate pursuit in which you are engaged, you may be obliged to suppress him for the common good, but you should do it for the good and not for vengeance. To kill a snake through wanton malice is to suffer defeat of principle, and to acknowledge the inferiority of your soul. It is not well to permit yourself to be bitten—the equity of justice does not call for that—but better be bitten a thousand times than to go about through life ruthlessly trampling on the rights of others. You may be bitten and survive, but you cannot save your own soul if you wilfully and persistently force your opinionated beliefs on your fellowman.

Remember, you were not born to sway the world. You will do well if you sway the one small sphere in which you revolve yourself, and you may consider it a triumph if you succeed in controlling your own individuality. Men will accord you your own rights more readily if you respect theirs. There is room in the world for all, but he who tries to crowd others off the earth is quite likely to be pushed over the brink himself. It is the inexorable law of "like begets like," which when once learned as it applies to our relations with each other, will bring about the moral millenium. Think of your fellowman as if he were your own brother in blood, and accord to him the same right to live and have his being as you demand for yourself. In this way, and this way only, can you move on into that higher achievement which is the ultimate of all our earthly efforts.

The · Good · Which · Men · Do

WHEN Shakespeare made Mark Antony say, "The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones," he either did it for oratorical effect or else he fell far short of being the philosopher we have all given him credit for. The exact reverse is true. It is the good that is remembered, and the evil that is forgotten; which is a fact carrying with it a compliment to human kind. What is more appropriate than to have the beautiful mantle of charity thrown around us the moment death closes the chapter? In life we are aggressive, contentious, and usurping; trampling on the rights of others, and looking always for an advantage. In death we are acquiescent, submissive and non-resistant. We are defenceless—we make no protest—and it is the good that is in human nature which asserts itself at such a time and says that we shall not be maligned. Death is the great disarmers. All the good we have ever done looms up large in the consciousness of our friends; our virtues are magnified as we lie there mute and helpless. Praise does not puff us up, and so praise is meted out to us most lavishly. Our faults are forgotten, as if we never had them. Our good deeds are rolled as a sweet morsel under the tongue, and what in life had been taken as the ordinary and obvious is now heralded as the unique and sublime. Our helplessness shields us from the rancor which otherwise might rise against us, and we need no advocate in court when the world sits in judgment upon us.

Back across the years of life we had run counter to the will of others; we had raised contention and excited opposition. We took

it as our birthright to intrude our point of view on the world, and we foolishly strove to force our ideas into the ascendancy. But death has given us absolution, and our faults are not held against us. Death pays all our debts, and leaves the score-card clean.

Would it not be well if the world were as charitable of men in life as it is in death? Why cannot we magnify the good in men while they still live? Why cannot we forget the ill?

Mayhap the discrimination in favor of death is a compensation of nature to make death less dreadful. Mayhap we would cling to life more tenaciously, more unreasoningly, if death were not the great softener, the great solace. Not that it is better to die than to live, not that the supreme destiny of man is typified by his death; but that when the ultimate tragedy comes it is comforting to know that it is mellowed by the memory of charity and loving kindness.

In life we are misjudged and maligned, in death we are understood and forgiven. The good that men do lives after them, which is surely incentive enough to make the man who thinks of it do all the good he can.

Let the man who considers himself a saint study some of the deeds of men who are called sinners.

The · Great · American Crime

IF A DOZEN individuals were seated side by side and asked the question in rotation: "What is the great American crime?" it would be interesting to note the various answers. One would probably say, "Worshipping the dollar," another "Superficiality," another "Rudeness." We might expect several to answer that the great American crime was the practice of lynching, while several others might supplement this by affirming that the greatest crime was lack of respect for law and order. At least one would be found to affirm that snobbery was threatening to assume the proportions of a crime, while the apeing of aristocracy always has been one. Some might go so far as to say that the absence of culture as represented particularly in the widespread ungrammatical speech of the people was a crime, while others would point to a lack of taste as illustrated by the blatant display of wealth on the part of the newly rich.

Possibly there might be ground for argument in the case of each, and yet to the writer there is one American crime which outweighs all of those mentioned. Greatly as reform is needed in the various American tendencies indicated there is still more urgent need for reformation in the one about to be mentioned. Of all the crimes typified in American life the one outstanding and appalling crime is that of *Wastefulness*.

It permeates the entire fabric of American life to the degree that it constitutes itself nothing short of the national crime. It affects the poor as well as the rich. In fact it would

sometimes seem to be even more prevalent among the former. And it is all wrong. To be wasteful is not the right of any man. Waste in its essence is destruction, and to destroy is a sin.

Waste takes many forms. It is not merely the throwing away of a crust of bread or relegating the drippings to the garbage can. It is not alone the failure to utilize the usable in our domestic and manufacturing commodities (a waste which in many of our industries is rapidly being eliminated). It is not wholly the terrible waste represented by an imperfect cultivation of the soil—a waste which on the surface seems to stand out above all others. It is not only the waste of our forests—the precious heritage of which has been handed down to us by a beneficent nature, and which we have in our criminal wantonness and greed flung to the four winds, and committed to the needless flames.

All of these are bad enough and sad enough. They clamor for reform at each turn of the observant economist, and unless they are remedied the penalty on posterity will be irreparable. But the worst is not yet.

If there is a sadness in the waste of material things, what shall we say of those other entities of human existence, the waste of energy, of opportunity, of constructive effort? What shall we say of the loss of human life by preventable diseases in this country in one year? The Health Department of Chicago estimates that in this city alone, the cost of three preventable diseases, measles, diphtheria, and scarlet fever, for a single year amounted to \$6,569,207! Measured in the sordid estimate of dollars and cents alone the toll is appalling; but measured in terms of grief and care and blighted hopes, of thwarted plans, of cancelled

enterprises, of cruel disappointment, of broken hearts and barren homes—measured in the terrible toll of human misery, and it is staggering. When shall the agonized cry of the bereaved which goes up day by day reach the ears of the people so that they may learn how to live and prevent this unnecessary waste of human life?

And then the waste of health, energy and efficiency in the child labor of factories and sweatshops—a waste which became so appallingly apparent that it is now in a fair way of being eliminated by legislation and restriction.

And the other waste more grievous and unjust than all the rest—trying to remedy a wrong of the past by substituting a worse wrong of the present—the restriction of trade and commerce by unreasonable strikes where nothing is at issue except a quarrel among the walking delegates themselves, depriving respectable citizens of rights and privileges which properly and inherently belong to every human being, ignoring the principles of law, honor and justice to carry out some selfish end. This is worse than waste—it is criminality. The unwarranted limitation of output when output is so sadly needed for the physical welfare of mankind constitutes itself a serious handicap on progress, and an interference with the inalienable rights of every citizen.

If wastefulness is the great American crime then some of the men who precipitate strikes for their own selfish ends are among the arch criminals of all time.

I would be contented if I could make others contented.

Nursing · A · Sorrow

GOOD NURSE a sorrow is to increase it, and make it real. Some people hug a sorrow to their heart, and coddle it and "roll it as a sweet morsel under the tongue." They seem to thrive on it, and even to make capital of it. They assume that it is their bounden duty to share it with their friends, and they are very liberal in their distribution of it. They carry gloom wherever they go, and leave depression in their wake. They accomplish nothing by their attitude except to make themselves and other people unhappy.

Supposing you lose a friend, a friend who is very dear to you. It wrings your heart to suffer the loss, and the world looks bleak, forlorn and dreary. The crushing blow is almost more than you can bear, and you know that life will never be the same to you again. It is grief—grief of the poignant kind that wrings the heart, and leaves you limp and listless. You are bowed down by your sorrow, and you care little for life. There is a breaking of the bonds that held you to the affairs of earth, and you find yourself drifting despairingly, you know not whither. You are surprised that the world does not seem to realize your loss, that people go on about the routine of life as they did before. To you at that moment the world seems thoughtless, heartless—almost cruel. You wonder why people can be happy when there is so much sorrow, when so many hearts are heavy. You hear laughter and it sounds like hollow mockery, you listen to music and unless it is sad it is out of tune.

But be assured of this—your point of view is wrong. You have been driven out of your



normal reckoning by your bereavement, and you are no longer balanced. You have for the moment lost your perspective, and cannot see correctly. The world is not cruel, nor are the tunes out of harmony. It is your hypersensitiveness and the obscuring of your vision that constitutes the incongruity. The scheme of nature was not that there should be sorrow—at least perpetual sorrow—and the world is merely trying to make you normal once more. If the world fell into your mood and all nature put on black because you were bereaved what would be the result? Every man's sorrow would spread depression, and there would soon be no sunshine in life.

The world is not cruel—it is merely trying to help you—and sometimes the task is disheartening. It all depends on you. If you cling to your sorrow you do not lessen your load, and you add immeasurably to the load of your friends. Shake off your sorrow as an abnormality, as something to be overcome. Remember that grief is non-constructive but always disintegrating. It rends the heart-strings out of tune and plants despair where hope had been.

If you must be sad hide it from the world, and let the sunshine in. To help yourself out of a sorrowful mood plunge into the activities of life, and begin to do good to your fellow-man. Working for the happiness of others is the surest solace in time of trouble, and the surest way to happiness for yourself. To stoop down and lift a fallen comrade from the wayside makes your own heart lighter, and tends to the forgetfulness of your ills.

To nurse a sorrow is to make it grow, to overcome it and rise above it is to place yourself in harmony with the great fundamental principle of life, and make you master of your every mood. Think of others and you will forget yourself, which is, after all, the chief triumph in life.

When · I · Grow · Old

WHEN I grow old I pray that I may not grow untidy, that I may not exhibit on my garments the grease-spots of the last meal, or the last score of meals. I pray that I may not prate too much of the past—that I may live somewhat in the future, and very much in the mood of today. When the outlook ahead becomes blurred, and I can see only what happened in the long ago, then I want to turn my eyes to the wall and sink quietly out of sight. I pray that I may never be a nuisance, so that any shall be glad when I am gone. I want to go soon enough that people may be just a trifle sorry that I was not permitted to remain longer—not that I wish people to mourn for me, but that I am human enough to hope that I shall be missed, even if only a little.

I know that all of this is very foolish—I know that it will matter not the least to me how people feel about me after I am gone—and yet there is this: Others dear to me will be left when I have passed away, and for their sake I would have people think well of me and speak well. It is the best legacy I can leave.

I hope when I grow old that I shall not cling to the same chair always, or that I shall not invariably seek the same corner in the room, or adhere too tenaciously to any of my preconceived habits or opinions. I hope that I shall not tell the same story to the same people too many times—I trust that my memory may prevent me from doing that.

I hope I may ever be broad enough to look leniently upon the other man's point of view, that I shall admit in my heart the possibility

that the rising generation is entitled to some consideration and respect, that I may even go far enough to acknowledge that the men and women of the day are perhaps as well informed and intelligent as I was at a similar age. This it seems to me will be the supreme achievement.

When I grow old I trust I may be an optimist—that in my mind the virtues of the past may not obscure the prospects of the future—that to my notion all the good in the world did not die when I attained my majority. I do not wish to feel that the world is on the direct downward path to disintegration and oblivion just because I cannot sanction some of the prevalent practices of the day. I hope I shall not hold up my hands in holy horror when young people do things that were not permitted when I was young. I hope I can see that the world moves, and also that it does not always move in the wrong direction. I want to keep the point of view of youth up to the very last.

In the sternness and stress of life, in the sorrows which fall upon mankind at times, and particularly during the declining years, I have sometimes felt that providence heaped these things upon us to make us more resigned to go when the final summons came, and yet I would rather think that this is not true—I would rather feel that in the flotsam and jetsam of life in the ebb and flow of circumstance and fate, that these trials were given us to make us show our mettle, that they come to us late in life that we may be permitted thereby to set an example of fortitude and patience to the rising generation, that they come when we are best braced by experience and by philosophy to meet them.

I hope if I grow old that I shall not exclaim over the infirmities of age. I hope I shall

bear my burdens as patiently as I may, and not wring the hearts of my friends by my complaining.

I hope that as I grow old I shall develop the softer graces of life and suppress the querulousness and irritability which sometimes accompanies infirmity. In truth I hope I shall never be infirm, but if I do I trust it may make me mellow and more patient. When I grow old I want merely to ripen and not decay—I want to come into full fruition but not go too much to seed.

I trust I may keep my face turned mostly toward the east, that I may revel in the glory of the rising sun, and see the tree-tops tipped with the brilliant hues of hopefulness and cheer. And then at last after the "heat and burden of the day," when the shadows begin to fall and the light to wane I want to gaze on the mellow tints flashed up from the western sky, and see outlined the forms and faces of those I have loved so well—the forms and faces of those who have made life sweet and precious; and as I quietly float toward the brink I want the last lingering look to be into the countenances of those my best beloved, and to close my eyes forever with the music of their voices in my ears.

If a man falls, pick him up—do not trod on him.

The · Larger · Vision

IF THERE is any supreme intelligence behind the fact of man's existence in the world, the purpose of placing him here must have been that he should do good and be happy. It is inconceivable that any other purpose entered into the plan of his destiny. If this be true, then it is well for thinking people to consider somewhat carefully why it is that men are not all good and all happy.

Without attempting the solution of so great a problem as this in all its bearings, I venture to suggest that one of the reasons why man falls short of attaining his highest destiny is because he takes too narrow a view of things and allows minor matters to enter too prominently into the affairs of his life. The small distractions of everyday experience are too frequently permitted by his point of view to assume a wholly unwarranted magnitude and to materially warp his trend of thought and seriously affect his happiness.

While it may be true that the sum-total of the average individual's experience is made up for the most part of small happenings, and while we cannot wholly ignore the little things as possible factors in determining one's destiny, yet the truth remains that much of the unhappiness in the world is fostered by an altogether unwarranted magnification of the things which in the ultimate have really little significance.

If some person says an unkind thing about us we are too much inclined to allow it seriously to interfere with our happiness. We may be deeply hurt and grieve over what we consider an injustice done to us, or we may kindle with resentment and expend our energy in anger—

either of which needlessly detracts from our peace of mind. If we could only stop to reason that a slighting remark made by another really does no one harm except the one who makes it, that injustice of any kind reacts mostly on the author, and that the small and petty criticisms of thoughtless or even malicious individuals never affect in the slightest degree the substantial welfare of others, we would not allow ourselves to be made unhappy through this medium.

It is something of a revelation to study in the light of subsequent experience the history of most of the passing events which at the moment seem important, and which disturb our equanimity. It will be found in the main that as time recedes they melt away into positive insignificance, which means that they were of no real import as affecting permanently the current of our lives. The only degree to which most of these things can bring us injury is as we permit them an entrance into our thoughts as disturbing factors. Just so soon as we learn to view broadly every question which confronts us, to look over and beyond the present and gauge it by its ultimate effect, just so soon shall we disarm our consciousness of many of the petty annoyances which bombard us in our everyday experience.

Above all things, if we are to get the most out of life and enter securely into the larger vision we must assume an absolute mastery over resentment against our fellowman. If an individual does us a wrong, there are several ways of meeting the issue. The one most commonly in vogue is to resent it and to proceed at once to what in ordinary parlance is termed "getting even." There never was a more fatal error. Every bit of energy used in such an effort is worse than wasted. It may

or may not bring injury to the object of the resentment, but it invariably does to the author of it. No man can attempt to do another harm, whether in retaliation or otherwise, without seriously injuring himself. And I have always been doubtful about the quality of satisfaction ostensibly enjoyed by the man who triumphs over another in a contest of retaliation. To see an individual suffer through the agency of our own effort, to see him humiliated and humbled into the dust, even as a punishment for a real wrong, is not an inspiring spectacle. The better way to meet a wrong is either to ignore it, which is often wisest, or else to reckon with it merely to correct it and prevent its repetition. The reason it is usually wise to ignore a wrong is because most of the so-called wrongs we suffer are really of little significance as affecting our welfare unless—as has just been said of the petty annoyances of life—we give them entrance into our consciousness and brood over them. This is especially true of all that numerous troop of wrongs emanating from the category of the minor vices, such as gossip, deceit and envy. If a slighting remark is made about us the first thing to do is to closely examine ourselves and see if the remark may not be true. Our critics can sometimes see a fault in us of which we are unconscious, and they are frequently of real benefit to us in calling our attention to it. But if their criticism is manifestly unfounded and is simply due to a mischief-making spirit, then the surest way to disarm them is to ignore it.

If a real wrong is done us which must be reckoned with, the proper spirit in which to meet the issue is in the line of correction rather than of vengeance. We should right a real wrong under all circumstances, but we should make sure that our motive is above reproach

and our actions in accordance therewith. Our sole aim should be to prevent a repetition of the wrong and thereby improve the condition of society—not so much to punish as to control. Our whole system of legal procedure in the courts of our commonwealth is wrong. Even if fundamentally based on justice, as they are supposed to be, the practical management of cases in our courts goes so far and wide of the mark as to be merely a travesty on justice, honor, and the rights of man. The ostensible aim of a trial in court is to arrive at the truth, while as a matter of fact the real aim of the contending parties is to hide truth and create prejudice. Nothing is left undone, no matter how small, trivial or unimportant, to bring about a distortion of facts. The aim is not to redress a wrong, but to win a case, and in the unholy endeavor to accomplish this, irrespective of the merits of the contention, all of the viler instincts of humanity are abundantly played upon till honor is trampled in the dust and the beautiful goddess of justice is trailed through the mire of perfidy and disgrace. It is rapidly becoming recognized that so far as correcting wrongs is concerned our courts are a dismal failure, and all this is because of the fact that in legal procedures as in most other affairs of life the larger vision of equity and justice is buried in the maze of petty personal ambition and prejudicial strife.

In the flotsam and jetsam of the tide of human life, it seems inevitable that much that is rubbish is cast upon the shore, and this rubbish has to be reckoned with. Some of it is harmful to the body politic and must needs be controlled by law. But in seeking to control we should have a care that we do not further degrade the baser impulses of humanity by carrying to persecution what should only be correction.

We are all far from perfect and we cannot believe alike. This should teach us the sublime lesson of patience and of charity. We should seek to be broad enough to look at the other man's point of view and be willing to meet him a legitimate half way in any disagreement. It is often well to get together in a difference of opinion and talk face to face. Much of the contention among men is due to misunderstanding, and much of the misunderstanding could be wiped away if men would consent to discuss in a dispassionate way their various differences.

The great thing in dealing with humanity is to control temper and develop patience. If people are disagreeable with us it may be because we do not understand them—let us have the patience to look into their motives. If they are unreasonable it may be due to a mental dwarfing for which they are not wholly responsible, and we should accordingly exercise charity. If they are dishonest it may have been brought about by environment, or by heredity, or by any of the infinite mazes of circumstance or chance which seem to weave the warp and woof of many a poor mortal's fate. Not that we should countenance dishonesty in any man, but that in taking issue with dishonesty we should look beyond the immediate act and try to discern the hidden spring which formed the motive power leading to the transgression. We should aim to correct and to prevent, rather than to punish or take revenge.

A larger vision among men will develop harmony, and greater harmony will bring more certain happiness. There can be, there is, no loftier mission on earth for any man than to smooth the troubled waters of bitterness and strife among his fellows. Take out of the world the petty bickerings and small mean-

nesses of human experience, the envy, jealousy, spite and hatred—take these away and humanity could meet the larger issues of pestilence, or flood, or disaster or crime with greater equipoise and more effectiveness. The spontaneous and magnificent heartbeat of humanity which goes out when any great disaster visits a community—such, for instance, as the Chicago fire, the San Francisco earthquake, the Halifax explosion, etc.,—is an illustration of the unanimity of sentiment on the part of the people when moved by a common calamity, and yet the pity of our state of society when it requires some appalling disaster to give us a larger vision of our true function of life and make us forego our small contentions. When men become broad enough to look out beyond self and see the need of harmonizing the great chaos of humanity they will not require a calamity to stir their souls and fill them with loving kindness.

The chief needs of the human race in small as well as large events are unselfishness, charity and above all, an abounding love. To be unselfish enough to think of the needs and rights of others, to spread out through all of humanity that delightful self-sacrifice and consideration which we sometimes see so perfectly typified in family groups; to be charitable enough to yield to others the privilege of holding opinions opposite to those of ours, to recognize the fact that we cannot all believe alike and that each is entitled to his own particular point of view so long as it does not work to the detriment of others—these are the things which go far to make up that larger vision of life which should be the ultimate aim of all. But even beyond this, though coincident with it, even beyond unselfishness and charity is that rarer virtue, that loftier sentiment called love—the lever which moves the

hearts of men above the sordid things of earth and gives us a glimpse of that which we call heaven. And who shall define what this thing is? We know that one man is better than another because he has more love in his heart for his fellowmen. We call it sympathy, affection, tenderness of sentiment, but it is more than this. Love is the embodiment of all the higher virtues merged in one; it is subtler than the ether of the air, and more tangible than the glint of gold. It makes gods of men and even defies the birds and beasts. It weaves its spell o'er creeping vine and virile oak, o'er ocean's mountain wave and the tiny ripple of a brook. It descends into the shades of valleys, and climbs the highest glistening peaks. It soars aloft into the haze of clouds and goes down with men to the nethermost depths of the caverns of the earth.

Love is the one great hope of the world. Without love we are cinders, dust and ashes; with love we are the essence of all there is of life.

Good deeds and bad deeds do not always seem to bring their reward, but in some aspects life is not so short after all, and who shall say that somehow, somewhere, sometime, in the flotsam and jetsam, all things are not finally adjusted by the inexorable law of compensations.

